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As sung by Mike Kennedy, 5/17/12

## The Day of the Little Ships

G-----D-----C-----G  
Long after the shadow of war is fled  
G-----C --G-----D  
And the last battle is fought  
G-----C-----G  
Men will remember the Little Ships  
G-----C -----G-----D  
And the great things that they wrought.  
D-----G-----C-----G  
We shall tell it over with laughter and tears  
G-----D  
The homely names they bore-  
D----G -----C-----G  
They, not meant for the bap-tis-m of fire  
G-----C-----D-G  
And the grim uses of war.

Paddler and dinghy and sailing barge  
“Eagle” and “Queen” and “Belle,”  
And the humble Marthas of all the port  
That have no name to tell.  
Let us remember them and their men  
Who asked not fee or fame  
But all that they knew was a job to do  
And they spat on their palms and came.

They dared the hell of the shell swept dunes,  
The hell of the bomb torn tide,  
They cared not a damn if they sank or swam  
Nor if they lived or died  
Home they came from the coast of death,  
Each with their tale of men  
Stayed but to set them upon the shore  
Then back into hell again.

Break

G-----D-----C -----G  
Hereafter, while England’s cliffs still stand,  
G-----C----G--D  
And the Channel tides do roll,  
G-----C ----G  
Let us remember the Little Ships-  
G-----C-----G  
“How on the Day of the Little Ships”  
G----C -----D----G  
They saved an army whole.